

INDEX-TRIBUNE

SONOMA, MAY 8, 1897.

CITY OFFICIAL PAPER.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

FRIGHTFULLY CUT.

Wm. Sikes Assaults Louis Fouts With a Razor.

Louis Fouts, in the employ of J. E. Poppe, was assaulted with a razor by Wm. Sikes on Monday noon last, and frightfully cut across the right side of the face. It appears that Sikes, who lives in the mountains three miles north of town, had been accused by Fouts of being an opium fiend. The accusation made Sikes angry and it is said he threatened to get even with Fouts. However that may be, Sikes was in town Monday and the young men met in front of Schocken's store. A few angry words passed between them when quick as a flash Sikes whipped out a razor from his coat pocket and slashed across the right side of the face. The keen edge of the razor cut a frightful gash which extended diagonally across the face from the right ear to the corner of his mouth. Immediately after the cutting Sikes disappeared and so far has eluded the officers. Fouts, after being cut, was taken to Dr. Davis' office and had the cut sewed up. He was then taken to the County Hospital for further treatment. The cut is not considered dangerous but will lay the injured man up for some time and will disfigure him for life. Sikes, the assailant, is a comparative stranger here and little is known of his antecedents. He is thought to be hiding in the mountains between Sonoma and Napa and will no doubt make good his escape.

LATER.

Deputy Sheriffs Ohm and Weisao have been on the keen scent of the fugitive the past few days. He has been traced as far as the draw bridge across Sonoma creek, where he was seen and recognized by a man who knew him well. It is thought that he has made his way to San Francisco and is in hiding in that city. The cutting is described by eye witnesses as being both premeditated and cowardly.

THE MARTI ESTATE.

Eugene Robin, B. F. Campbell and V. Riede Appointed Appraisers.

Mrs. Elizabeth J. Marti, through her attorney John S. Enos, having successfully combatted the contest of the will of her late husband, M. Marti, in which there was no compromise, she is now preparing to settle up the affairs of the estate. With this object in view Judge Burnett has appointed as appraisers Eugene Robin and B. F. Campbell of this place and V. Riede of Petaluma. Mrs. Marti did her share toward accumulating the handsome estate which was willed her by her late husband, who when he made the will that was contested, recognized the merits of a true and faithful wife.

ROAD SPRINKLING.

To be Inaugurated in this Valley this Summer.

Road Commissioner Campbell will inaugurate a system of road sprinkling in this valley the coming summer. Wells are being dug on Broadway between the southern limits of town and the Embarcadero. One of these wells will be nearly opposite the residence of Dr. Walliser and the other near the Harper place. Water will also be pumped from Sonoma creek near the residence of Robt. Hall. When the wells are dug and the pumping plants erected a large sprinkling cart with a capacity of 800 gallons will be run daily from Sonoma to Embarcadero. The sprinkling of Broadway, which is 125 feet wide, will convert that thoroughfare into one of the finest boulevards in the State.

Death of a Well-Known Swiss Dairyman.

B. Lafranchi of Sears' Point died in San Francisco last Thursday of heart disease. The deceased had resided in this valley for twenty-five or thirty years, during which time he had been engaged in the dairy business. He leaves a wife and a large family of children. Deceased was a native of Switzerland and aged about 50 years. The remains will be shipped to this place for interment in Mountain Cemetery. The funeral will take place to-morrow (Sunday) at 1 P. M.

THE CITY TRUSTEES.

WATER ORDINANCE PASSED TO PRINT.

All the Principal Streets to be Sprinkled—One of the Most Important Meetings of the Trustees Ever Held.

The meeting of the City Trustees on last Wednesday evening was one of the most important ever held by our City Fathers, as the Water Ordinance, otherwise known as Ordinance No. 53, was put upon its final passage and carried by the following vote: Ayes, Trustees Seipp, Modini, Hartin and Bulotti. No, Trustee Julius Poppe. The passage of this ordinance puts the question of water or no water fairly before the people. There is no other issue involved in the election, which will be held on Monday, June 14th.

After the reading of the minutes of the previous meeting the following bills were allowed and ordered paid:

D. Valente, cleaning fire apparatus.	\$10.30
R. A. Poppe, salary, etc.	25.50
A. J. Van Every, repairs.	4.00
E. J. Robin, salary, etc.	15.00
Wm. Green, lumber.	5.80
Wm. Trudgen, ventilators.	9.85
Total	\$70.41

The committee appointed to confer with Messrs. Schocken and Aguilon in regard to opening up First-street East from Spain street to the depot grounds reported that Mr. Schocken would donate the street to the city provided the city would remove several buildings on his premises. He agreed to remove the buildings himself for \$150 in case the city could not get the work done cheaper. No action was taken and the matter will be discussed at the next meeting of the Board.

In regard to damages claimed by Mrs. N. R. Knight and E. P. Cutler the committee reported that Supervisor Putnam, on behalf of the county, would not agree to recognize the claims of the parties. No action was taken and Mrs. Knight now threatens to sue the city.

Further time was granted the Street Committee to repair Second-street East and Clerk Poppe was instructed to procure an assessment roll at as low a price as possible.

G. S. Harris appeared before the Board and discussed the street sprinkling proposition. On motion of Trustee Hartin, which received a second from Trustee Poppe, Mr. Harris was allowed \$2.00 per day for sprinkling the streets, the city to purchase the water from Mr. Aguilon, provided satisfactory arrangements can be made with him. The sprinkling will be done under direction of Trustees Hartin and Bulotti.

On motion of Trustee Modini, seconded by Trustee Bulotti, the Plaza Committee was instructed to invite bids to remove the grass from the avenues leading to the Pavilion, to mow down the grass on the Plaza and to clean the ditch running through the same. Bids for the work will close next Monday.

On motion of Trustee Poppe, seconded by Trustee Bulotti, President Seipp was requested to appoint a committee of fifteen citizens to make arrangements for celebrating the Fourth of July in this place, as suggested by the INDEX-TRIBUNE in last week's issue. Great Caesar, can it be possible that Granice is running Julius Poppe, the kicker of the Board.

Engineers Von Geldern and Grunsky presented a supplementary report on the water proposition. The following resolution concerning the report was presented by Trustee Hartin and carried. Trustee Poppe being the only member voting against it:

Whereas, Otto Von Geldern and C. E. Grunsky, the civil engineers engaged by the Water Committee of the Board of Trustees of the City of Sonoma to assist them in preparing plans and estimates of the cost of a permanent system of municipal water works, have this day presented to the Board a supplementary report to the one submitted by them to this Board on the 24th day of January, 1897, which supplemental report, taken together with the first report, gives to this Board the different costs respectively of all feasible plans and methods of supplying the city with a permanent system of water works, be it resolved, That said supplemental report be, and the same is hereby accepted and approved on April 24th, 1897.

The Water Ordinance was put upon its final passage, passed to print, and the Board then adjourned.

Murder not Suicide.

It is now thought that Geo. Golden did not commit suicide at San Miguel, but was murdered for his money.

Drop us a line if you can't get *Schilling's Best* of your grocer, or if you don't like it and can't get your money back.

A Schilling & Company San Francisco

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets. Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c. per box. R. C. C. Co., full, druggists refund money.

The Orchestra.

The concert to be given on the 15th of June should be attended by every man, woman and child in this valley, as not only will the programme be one of rare merit, offering a feast of music seldom excelled even in San Francisco, but it should not be forgotten that it is also the occasion of the first appearance in public of the Orchestral Society, which is struggling to gain a permanent footing, and the future welfare of that organization depends largely upon the financial success of the concert.

The programme will embrace many fine orchestral numbers besides presenting the following long list of soloists, several of them being new to Sonoma audiences: Mr. Bernhard Mollenhauer, violin; Miss Claire Hope, soprano; Mr. Llewellyn Hughes, violin; Mr. Robt. Wilson, cornet; Mr. Preston Chamberlain, horn; Mrs. Carl Walliser, accompanist.

Painful Accident.

Carl Dresel, while cleaning his bicycle on Thursday morning last, met with a very painful accident. The bike was suspended in the air and Mr. Dresel gave one of the wheels a twirl and by some mischance the two middle fingers of the left hand became wedged in between the cog and the chain of the rapidly revolving wheel. The finger nails were torn out and both fingers badly lacerated. Dr. Walliser attended Mr. Dresel and dressed the wounds, which will deprive him of the use of the hand for a week or two.

Agua Rica Hot Springs.

Dr. Winslow Anderson of San Francisco, accompanied by a party of twelve ladies and gentlemen, will visit the Agua Rica Hot Mineral Springs to-morrow. Among the party are a number of capitalists who will inspect the springs with a view of purchasing and converting the property into a first-class sanitarium. These springs are becoming noted far and wide for the medicinal qualities of their waters and a fortune awaits any one who will improve and throw them open to the general public.

SCHILLVILLE SIFTINGS

Mr. Clemen and family visited relatives here last Sunday.

Mrs. C. H. Wise is visiting relatives in San Francisco.

Rudolph Spreckles visited Embarcadero one day last week.

Miss Dora and Zerifa Howe will spend Saturday in Santa Rosa.

Miss Sadie Meyer of San Francisco is visiting at the Lord place.

A large barn is being erected by Mr. Rodchaver on his place at El Laurel.

Sonoma's favorite singer, Jim Small, is rusticationing on the Polpula Rancho.

John Guilfoyle and Theo. Kiser have each purchased Cleveland bicycles.

John Mallon and Jack Grimes made a business trip to Lakeville last Tuesday.

Wm. Hamilton and Chas. Ohm visited the Fair ranch near Lakeville last Tuesday.

A number of San Francisco wheelmen spent last Thursday at the Anton Kiser farm.

Mr. Joe Petar, after a pleasant visit with relatives here, has returned to his home in Bohinas.

Mrs. Carrie Lund of San Francisco is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Capt. Green of Embarcadero.

A new business enterprise has started in this place. Mr. Pinelli is shipping gravel to San Francisco as an experiment.

Mrs. Ohm and Miss Goodman started Tuesday morning on a tour on their bicycles. They intend visiting Santa Rosa, Healdsburg and Bloomfield and will be the guests of relatives and friends.

TRILBY.

Schellville, May 7, 1897.

GLEN ELLEN ITEMS.

J. J. Cowan of San Francisco took a picture of the public school children one day last week.

Judge Gibson will soon be quite busy, as quite a number of cases are on the calendar of his court.

A. C. Clark is erecting a new barn and making many other extensive improvements on his place.

Chas. J. Poppe is having his store and dwelling painted, which considerably improves that part of town.

Some substantial improvements will shortly be made on the county road leading to the California Home.

A large number of circulars have been issued by Dr. C. C. O'Donnell, descriptive of Glen Ellen and vicinity.

Glen Ellen, May, 7, 1897.

PERSONAL AND SOCIAL

And Other Matters of Interest to the General Reader.

(Contributed by Marjorie Dow.)

Items of a personal and social nature are thankfully received at this office and will be edited by Marjorie Dow.

Miss Jessie McNabb, youngest daughter of editor McNabb of the *Petaluma Argus*, was married Tuesday morning to Alexander Ayers.

Miss Rose Zueger of San Francisco is the guest of Miss Mamie Church.

J. M. Cheney attended a meeting of the Grand Council of the American Legion of Honor in San Francisco last Tuesday and Wednesday.

Episcopal services will be held in the Methodist Church Sunday at 3 P. M., by the Rev. John Patridge of Petaluma.

Robt. Poppe made a business trip to San Francisco last Thursday.

John Revie was a visitor to the metropolis on business Thursday.

Will Potter has returned to his home in Fresno. Mr. Potter will return to Sonoma this summer and take up his abode at the Agua Caliente Springs Hotel, and enjoy the health-giving waters of that favored resort.

J. L. King and family, after spending the winter in San Francisco, have returned to Sonoma Valley. They will occupy their pretty villa near Verano until the close of the summer season. Mr. and Mrs. King entertain quite extensively and are well-known for their hospitality.

Frank Burris has returned from a pleasant visit with San Francisco friends.

Miss Emma Powell and Dr. H. M. Thornton were married on Friday evening of last week in San Francisco by the Rev. Fred. Evans. The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mose Powell, formerly of this place, and the groom is a hypnotic doctor who resides in the metropolis.

Mrs. G. M. Brush, fashionable dressmaker, 352 Main st., Petaluma.

Mr. A. Beretta of San Francisco is here visiting his friend, V. Bulotti.

Plans have been drawn by L. D. Frichette of San Francisco for a five-room cottage to be erected on the Brandt farm two miles southeast of town. Work will be commenced immediately.

Peter Keil, who left a few weeks ago for Redding, has returned to Sonoma. Mr. Keil says he found the mines a delusion and a snare as far as work was concerned.

H. Seipp visited the metropolis on business Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Leech visited relatives at the Geysers several days this week. Mr. Leech reports trout fishing great up that way.

Otto Muser, John Lounibos and J. Chauvet visited San Francisco last Monday on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Erskine visited San Francisco last Monday.

Mrs. Emily S. Loud of San Francisco visited Sonoma friends last Saturday. Mrs. Loud, who is a writer of no mean ability, paid this office a fraternal visit before returning to her city home.

Miss Charlotte Isabelle Leech and Henry W. Blanchard were married in West Mulbury, Mass., on Thursday of last week. The bride is the eldest sister of A. E. Leech of this place. The groom is the grand nephew of the celebrated inventor, Thos. Blanchard.

Mrs. A. F. Pauli, the accommodating operator of the Western Union Company at this place, returned from Los Angeles last Saturday after a well merited vacation of four weeks. Mrs. Pauli, during her sojourn in the metropolis of Southern California, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. C. L. Ennis. Master Roy Pauli accompanied his mother and enjoyed the visit immensely.

Mrs. Henry Bates and her little daughter Nancy have been spending the past week in San Francisco.

About fourteen of the young students of the High School will drive to-day to the Napa Soda Springs, where they will enjoy a day's outing. A fine lunch and several gallons of ice cream have been provided for the occasion. Mrs. Florence Ogg will chaperone the party.

Reserved seats for the concert by the Sonoma Valley Orchestral Society will be placed on sale about the first of June.

Try the new Milliner, Miss F. English, 352 Main st., Petaluma.

One of the most interesting numbers on the programme at the coming concert to be given by the Orchestral Society will be the beautiful song "I would that my Love," by Mendelssohn, to be performed as a duet for cornet and horn by Mr. Robt. Wilson and Mr. Preston Chamberlain.



The Grangers' picnic held in Glen Ellen last Saturday was a great success. People from different parts of the county attended. Dancing, games and various other amusements were the order of the day. In the evening the affair was continued by dancing at the Mervyn Hall. This party was the largest attended this season and mine host Harrison and his charming little wife contributed much toward the comfort and merriment of the guests. The supper was good and partaken of with a relish by all.

Handel Barr—"Tyre has the most aggravated case of bicycle face I ever saw." Wheeler—"Since when?" He was all right the last time I saw him." Handel Barr—"I don't know how long, but yesterday he had the face to try to borrow my wheel for a four days' trip into the country."

Santa Rosa is to have a Greek play, "Antigone," by Sophocles. The chorus will be chanted by twelve young men.

Miss Rose McMahon, sister of Maggie McMahon, formerly a teacher in this place, was married to Mr. Terry Brusnahan in Santa Rosa Thursday. The groom is a resident of Fresno.

Don't fail to hear the orchestra play the popular march "Under the Double Eagle." Everybody in the valley will be whistling that last strain after the concert.

The ladies of the M. E. Church will serve a chicken-pie supper at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Moses in the High School building on Tuesday evening, May 11th, beginning at 6 o'clock P. M. Adults 20cts, children 15cts. A social time after supper.

Mrs. Ed. Steiger and daughter returned from San Francisco to their home near Agua Caliente last Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hartin were visitors in San Francisco last Wednesday.

Mrs. D. Duhning was taken seriously ill Wednesday at her home in this place and her daughter, Miss Agnes, who has been spending the week in San Francisco, was sent for.

G. H. Hotz was in Southern California several days this week.

Prof. Price, one of the Faculty of the University of California, will examine the High School students in Latin one day next week.

A room situated so that it does not get any direct sunlight, but only reflected light, may be made more cheerful if the walls are covered with a paper that has a background of some delicate yellow shade. The painted woodwork should be of a creamy tint, and with yellow India silk or muslin draperies at the windows, one can almost imagine one's self in a room with a southern exposure.

New Books.

"EQUALITY." By Edward Bellamy, author of "Looking Backward." Price, cloth only, \$1.25.

"SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE." By Richard Harding Davis, cloth only, \$1.50.

"BOB COVINGTON." By Gutter, author of "Barnes of N. Y." etc., paper, 50c.

New Music.

"THE DANDY FIFTH." March and Two-step and a winner, 40c, being played by all the leading orchestras. Having the largest sale of any piece of music published this season.

Any of above mailed on receipt of price. All the latest Fashion Books, Magazines, Novels, Books and Papers, foreign and American, as fast as issued.

To be found only at

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MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE.

DEERING BALL BEARING, LIGHT DRAFT MOWERS AND BINDERS.

ONLY PERFECT SELF-DUMP HAY RAKE MADE.

Hardware, Stoves, Tinware and Pumps of all kinds.

Best Windmill on Earth

at Francisco Prices.

SCOTT & VEALE

868-870 MAIN ST., PETALUMA.

FOR CASH

Best Dry Granulated Sugar, 19 lbs - \$1.00

Extra Star Coal Oil, 5 gallons - 70

Imperial Savon BEST WASHING SOAP MADE 20-lb box 95

Uncolored Japan Tea, per lb - 25

Barb Wire - 3.00

Mens' Stylish Overshirts (all colors) - 50

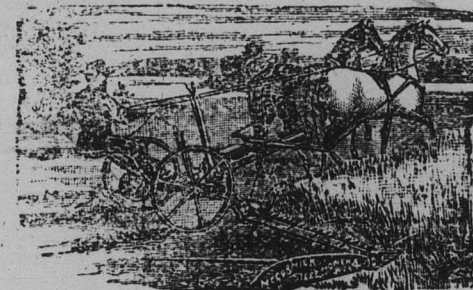
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NORTH SIDE OF PLAZA, SONOMA.

Get our CASH prices before going out of town.

Mowers & Binders



McCormick Mower and Binder.

Osborne Mower and Binder.

New Deering Ideal Ball-Bearing Mower and Binder.

—ALSO—

THE OSBORNE ALL-STEEL RAKE.

(The Best in the Market.)

Extras for all these Implements always on hand.

JULIUS FOCHETTI.

HALE'S

PETALUMA.

The Best Department Store in Town. We invite your comparison of Qualities and Price.

IT WILL PAY YOU

To see our stock of

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We can please you and fit you or we will have one made to order just as you wish.

Mens' good dark Sack Suits in Tweeds, Cheviots or Fancy Mixtures, sizes 34 to 42, price \$5.00 and \$6.00.

Mens' better grade Business Suits, in Fancy Cheviots and Cassimeres, guaranteed perfect fit, alterations free of charge. Sizes 34 to 42, price \$6.50, \$7.00 and \$8.00.

Mens' fine stylish Dressy Suits, all the newest, well made and perfect in fit. All sizes, price \$8.50, \$10.00 and \$12.50.

Boys' Long Pant Suits in medium or dark Tweeds and Cassimeres, also Black and Navy Blue Cheviots, square or round corners. Ages 12 to 19 years, price \$4.00, \$5.00, \$6.00 and \$7.00.

Boys' Short Pant Suits, big variety of styles, medium or dark colors, extra well made, Kant-wear-out. Ages 5 to 15 years, price \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$5.00.

Boys' Refer Suits, all styles. Ages 5 to 8 years, price \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00.

Little Boy's Junior Suits in dark and medium colors, nicely trimmed with fancy braid. Ages 3 to 7 years, price \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00.

Little Boy's odd Short Pants, ages 3 to 15 years, price 25c, 50c, 75c. Mens' Jumbo Pants, guaranteed never to rip, extra good for working pants, price \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50.

Mens' fine Cassimere Pants, thousands of pairs to select from, all sizes, regular or extra waists and lengths, price \$1.50 to \$5.00.

WE ARE OFFERING SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS IN OUR SHOE DEPARTMENT.

Hale Bros & Co.

STRICTLY ONE PRICE.

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SONOMA INDEX - TRIBUNE.

H. H. GRANICE, Proprietor.

SONOMA, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1897.

WHEN THE SULTAN GOES TO ISPAHAN.

When the Sultan Shah Zaman goes to the city Isbahan, Even before he gets so far As the place where the clustered palm trees are. At the last of the thirty palace gates, The flower of the harem, close-in-bloom, Orders a feast in his favorite room— Glistening squares of colored ice, Sweetened with syrup, flattered with spice. Creams and cordials and sugared dates, Syrian apples, Chinese quinces, Limes and citrons and apricots, And wines that are known to eastern princes. And Nubian slaves and smoking pots Of spiced meats and costliest fish And all that the curious palate could wish. Pass in and out of the cedar doors. Scattered over the marble floor. Are anemones, myrtles and violets. And a magical fountain throws its jets Of a hundred colors into the air. The dusk sultana loosens her hair And stains with a henna the tips Of her pointed nails and bites her lips Till they bloom again but, alas, that rose Not for the Sultan Shah Zaman. Not for the Sultan Shah Zaman. When he goes to the city Isbahan!

Then, at a wave of his sunny hand, The dancing girls of Samarkand, Glide in like ships from fairyland, Making a sudden, sudden, sudden, Of fleecy veils and floating hair. And white arms lifted, Orient blood Runs in their veins, shines in their eyes. And there, in this eastern paradise, Filled with the breath of anemones, And Khoteh musk and algaes and myrrh, Bids Rose-in-Bloom on a silk divan, Sipping the wines of Astrakhan. And her Arab lover sits with her. That's when the Sultan Shah Zaman Goes to the city Isbahan.

Now when I see an extra light Flaming, flickering on the night, From my neighbor's casement opposite I know as well as I know to pray, I know as well as a tongue can say, That the innocent Sultan Shah Zaman Has gone to the city Isbahan.

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

IN A PUNT.

One evening, when I had returned all alone and very weary, painfully pulling my heavy boat, which I used every night, I paused a few seconds to take breath near the edge of some reeds. The weather was glorious, the moon was radiant, the river sparkled, the air was cool and sweet. This tranquillity tempted me, and I thought it would be very pleasant to smoke my pipe in this place. The action followed the thought. I seized my anchor and cast it into the river. The punt, which floated with the current, drifted as far as the end of its chain, and then stood still. I seated myself in the stern on my sheepskin as comfortably as possible.

I heard nothing, not a sound, only at intervals I imagined I heard a slight, almost inaudible, splash of the water against the shore, and I saw clusters of tall reeds which assumed surprising shapes and seemed at intervals to stir. The river was perfectly quiet, but I felt agitated by the extraordinary stillness which surrounded me. All creatures—the frogs and toads, these nocturnal singers of the marshes—were silent. Suddenly at my right, close to me, a frog croaked. I shuddered. It ceased, and I heard nothing more and resolved to smoke to divert my mind. Yet, although I was a notorious and confirmed smoker, I could not smoke. With a second puff, I changed my mind and stopped.

I began to recite verses. The sound of my voice was painful. Then I stretched myself out in the bottom of the boat and watched the sky. For some time I remained at ease, but soon light movements of the boat disturbed me. It seemed as if it was making gigantic lurches, touching alternately the two banks of the river, then I thought that some being or invisible force drew it gently to the bottom of the water, then, raising it, let it fall once more. I was tossed about as though in the midst of a tempest. I heard sounds around me. I rose with a bound. The water was gleaming. All was quiet.

I saw that my nerves were somewhat shaken, and I determined to be off. I pulled at the chain, the punt began to move, then I felt a resistance. I pulled harder, but the anchor did not come. It had caught on something at the bottom of the river, and I could not lift it. I once more commenced to pull, but in vain. Then with my oars I turned the boat up stream in order to change the position of the anchor. This was useless; it still held fast. I was seized with anger and shook the chain furiously. Nothing moved. I sat down discouraged and began to reflect upon my position. I could not think of breaking the chain or of separating it from the boat, for it was very heavy and riveted in the bow to a piece of wood thicker than my arm. But as the weather was still very fair, I thought that I should not remain long without encountering some fisherman who would come to my relief. My mishap had calmed me. I sat down, and at last was able to smoke my pipe. I had a bottle of rum. I drank two or three glasses and was compelled to laugh at my situation.

It was very warm, so that I could, if necessary, without great discomfort, pass the night in the beautiful starlight. Suddenly a soft rapsounded against the side of the boat. I started, and a cold sweat froze me from head to foot. This sound doubtless came from some piece of wood borne by the current, but it was enough, and I was again possessed by a strange nervous agitation. I grasped the chain and strained with a desperate effort. The anchor held firm. I sat down exhausted.

Meanwhile the river had gradually become covered by a very thick white mist which hung very low over the water, so that, standing, I could no longer see the river, or my feet, or the boat, but only the tops of the reeds, and in the distance the lowland, white in the moonlight, and from it great black spots, formed by clumps of Lombardy poplars, arose in the sky. I was wrapped to my waist as if in a muslin sheet of singular whiteness, and fantastic visions came to me.

I fancied that some one whom I could not distinguish was trying to climb into my boat, and that the river, hidden in this opaque mist, must be filled with these strange beings who swam around me. I felt a horrible disquietude; my temples were tightly banded; the beating of my heart almost choked me, and, losing control of myself, I thought of

saving myself by swimming, but immediately this idea made me shudder with fear. I could see myself lost, wandering at random in that thick fog, in the midst of the grasses and reeds from which I could not free myself, quivering with fear, unable to see the shore or to find my boat, and I imagined I could feel myself drawn by my feet to the very bottom of this black water.

Indeed, as I should have been compelled to struggle against the current for at least 500 yards before reaching a point free from grass and rushes where I might gain a foothold, there were nine chances out of ten that I should not be able to find my way in this obscurity, and that I should be drowned, good swimmer as I was.

I tried to reason with myself. I determined not to be afraid, but there was something in me besides my will, and this other thing was afraid. I asked myself what there was to fear. My brave I jeered at my poltroon I, and never so well as on that day have I understood the conflict of the two beings that exist in us—the one willing, the other resisting, and each in turn prevailing.

This foolish and inexplicable fear continually increased till it became terror. I remained immovable, with wide open eyes and expectant ear. Of what? I knew not in the least, but of something terrible. I believe that if a fish had thought of springing out of water, as often happens, no more would have been needed to make me fall stiff and insensible.

Nevertheless, by a violent effort, I succeeded in gradually recovering my lost reason. I took again my bottle of rum and drank deep draughts. Then the idea occurred to me, and I began to shout with all my strength, turning successively to the four points of the horizon. When my throat was absolutely paralyzed, I heard a dog barking in the distance.

I drank again and stretched myself all full length on the bottom of the boat. I remained thus for perhaps an hour, perhaps two, without sleeping, with eyes wide open, and with terror around me. I dared not rise, yet I wished intensely to do so. I put it off from minute to minute. I said to myself, "Come, stand up," and I was afraid to make a movement. At last I raised myself with infinite precautions, as if my life depended on the slightest sound I might make, and looked over the side of the boat.

I was dazzled by the most marvelous, the most astonishing sight that could possibly be seen. It was one of those phantasmagoria of fairyland, one of those visions related by voyagers who return from afar, and which we hear without believing.

The mist, which for two hours before was floating on the river, had gradually receded and gathered on the river banks. Leaving the stream entirely clear, it had formed on each shore an unbroken bank six or seven yards in height, which gleamed beneath the moon with the superb brilliancy of snow. Thus, not a thing was visible save the river flashing with fiery lights. Between these two white hills of mist, and high overhead hung full and large a majestic, luminous moon in the midst of a black sky dotted with stars.

All the creatures of the water were awake. The frogs were croaking furiously, while at intervals, now at the right, now at the left, I heard the short, monotonous, melancholy note which the ringing voices of the toads uttered to the stars. Strangely I was no longer afraid. I was surrounded by a scene so extraordinary that the most striking singularities had no power to astonish me.

How long this lasted I know not, for I had ended by falling asleep. When I opened my eyes, the moon had set, the sky was covered with clouds, the water rippled mournfully, the wind was blowing, it was cold, and the darkness was profound.

I drank what remained of my rum, then I listened, shivering with cold, to the rustling of the reeds and the sinister sound of the river. I tried to see, but I could not distinguish the boat nor even my hands, which I held before my eyes. Gradually, however, the thick darkness diminished. Suddenly I seemed to feel a shadow gliding very near me. I uttered a cry and a voice answered. It was a fisherman. I called to him. He drew near, and I told him of my misadventure. He then pulled his boat alongside mine, and we both strained at the chain. The anchor did not move. Day dawned, somber, gray, rainy, cold—one of those days which bring one gloom and misfortune.

I perceived another boat. We hailed it. The man who rowed it united his efforts with ours. Then, little by little, the anchor yielded. It came up but slowly and burdened with a considerable weight. At length we saw a dark mass, and we drew it into my boat. It was the body of an old woman with a stone fastened to the neck—Guy de Maupassant.

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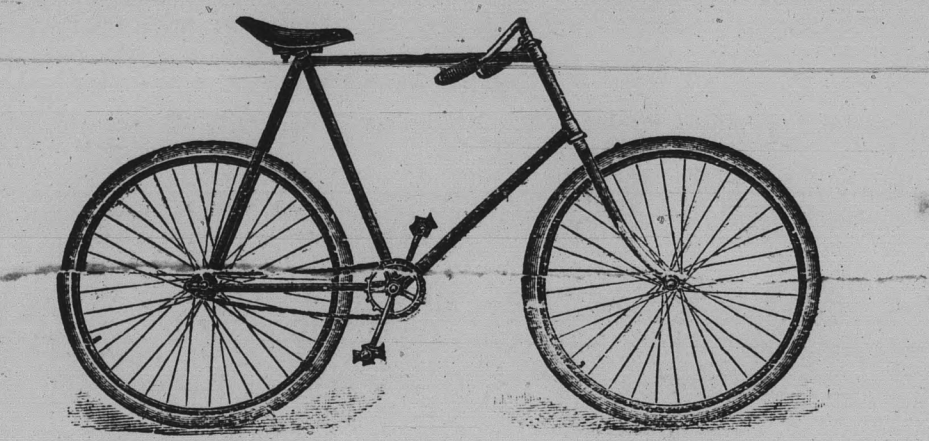
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